The Kingdom - Of Youth - -

BY

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ESSAYS TOWARDS NATIONAL EDUCATION

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This book is not really a book, but a preface. It is intended to precede a more detailed study of the problem of National Education, which the publishers have in view. The present book clears the ground, and uncovers the main principles that in the opinion of the author should be behind all detailed working-out of educational reform.

"The Kingdom of Youth" is based on an address delivered to the Young Men's Indian Association at Calicut in April, 1917, with Mrs. Annie Besant in the chair. "The Co-operative Spirit in Education" is the substance of the Presidential Address at the First Malabar Students' Conference at the same place and time. "The Triangle of Imagination" was the opening address of The Theistic Endeavour Society in Madras for the session of 1916. The other essays appeared as special articles in "New India." The author alone is responsible for the opinions expressed.

CONTENTS

THE KINGDOM OF YOUTH

BEFORE the beginning of the War of 1914—?, youth was regarded in the West, as it is still to a great extent regarded in the East, as a species of regrettable but inevitable disease. But before the world-shaking conflict had run two years of its course, youth, like many another thing in social organization, came up for revision. At the command of necessity, luxury took its place among the more obvious vices; the sham of religious belief that did not believe, that claimed for itself the sole interpretation of a peaceful faith which it renounced hastily at the first glimpse of War—that sham was unmasked; and youth? — youth became suddenly valuable: its powers of destruction, formerly lamented by the elders when directed against glass windows, telegraph wires and the cutting of its arrogant name on valuable furniture with a pocket knife probably donated by the owner of the furniture, now became a national asset of supreme importance, to be

developed and directed towards the destruction of the youth of another country.

Nor did this change of values apply only to masculine youth. Feminine youth came in for an even more marked reversal of pre-war prejudices. The Prime Minister of England—then Mr. Asquith—who had for years proclaimed the early-Victorian doctrine that "a woman's place is the home," became an enthusiastic missionary of the new gospel that a woman's place is the munitions factory, putting all her natural genius for the conservation and nourishing of life into the manufacture of engines of death. Writers, like Miss Marie Corelli, who was shocked at the sight of a woman on a bicycle, and who set herself against the possibility of women encroaching on the political domain of men (though her own encroachment in literature was quite justifiable) began to see glimmerings of romance in a woman driving a postal motor wagon in place of her soldier husband or brother, or striding in trousers along the farmer's furrows with a spade over her shoulder.

We may lament the cause of the modern discovery of the value of youth. There is this consolation, however, that the cause and its

ghastly purpose will pass away, but youth cannot again, at any rate for a long time, fall back into the category of disease, but will pass on along the way towards the entrance to its kingdom.

This disclosure of the value of youth is not, however, the only unmasking which the war has accomplished: it has made clear also, though it is not among the resolutions of War Cabinets, that the War itself, which has claimed the sacrifice of the young, did not come through the volcanic eruptions of hot-headed youth, but through the arctic hardening of cold-hearted age. The War did not "break out," as pressmen write: it is not the ebullition, swiftly thrown up and as swiftly done with, of youth: it *froze* out, from the regions of cold calculation, merciless commercial competition, wrinkled greed, thin-blooded fear. The cause of the world calamity may be put into one little word—Age.

But the world is not really old: humanity is only beginning its true human life. There may be a justifiable age at the end of a life, but it should keep to its place as an end, and not interfere with the perpetual beginnings of evolution, unless it has

preserved the spirit and outlook of youth. The agedness that fell upon the world in 1914 is before its time: its cure is the infusion of youth into the body corporate that age has obsessed and ruined.

We must here make a qualification to prevent those past meridian, like the writer, from feeling too uncomfortable. The youth and age to which I am referring is not so much a matter of years as of qualities; qualities not bound by time or sex, but shown in clear outlook, adaptability to new circumstances, tireless energy, that never expressed themselves more fully or efficiently through the form of young manhood than through the old but ever young individual whom we know as Annie Besant.

But while the kingdom of youth is wider than time or sex, we have to recognise a special affinity between youth in quality and youth in years; and we claim a much more prominent place than heretofore for youth in what is called mature deliberation. Here we anticipate the ancient objection—the danger of youthful recklessness. This objection is usually raised by people who think they are not reckless because they are cautious:

Yet the plain truth is that the European War has come out of the reckless cautiousness of men who, in their craze for caution, built up huge armaments that could only end in use! It was that type of cautious statesmanship that hesitated and prevaricated over the granting of *forty thousand pounds a year* for education in Ireland, and passed on to the spending of *six millions a day* in a war that true education would have made impossible. Youth may be reckless, but, whatever its error may be, it is on the side of generosity and imagination and discovery. It is only when "age" puts aged restrictions on youth, and insists on its being other than youthful, that evil comes about. Natural impulses are not in themselves evil; but the "impure hush," as Edward Carpenter calls it, imposed by age on knowledge concerning bodily functions and their proper place and control, has driven into unnatural vice many a youth with the spirit of exploration in his blood. Youth suppressed and distorted may be a danger, but free youth treated frankly will bring more of good into life than anything else; and this attitude to youth is one of the urgent essentials of educational reform

not merely as regards this matter which I mention by way of example, but as regards the whole range of youth's activities.

Every generation, when it comes face to face with the elements of agedness in its composition, and makes a sketchy half sheet of reforms in education, grandiloquently proclaims the startling truth, "The youth of to-day will be the man (and *woman*, in the revised and enlarged edition of the saying) of to-morrow." Alas! that it should be so. It would be infinitely better for humanity if the youth of to-day remained the youth of to-morrow, carrying its freshness and enthusiasm and honesty into the experience and strength of manhood and womanhood. Every generation looks forward to its youth for the redressing of wrongs that age has gathered about itself and is incapable of coping with; and every generation is disappointed; for "shades of the prison-house" of a false maturity descend, and custom applauds "an old head on young shoulders," when it should send it to the guillotine and pray for the growth of young heads on old shoulders—the shoulders of experience acting as the base for the fresh brain and clear eye of perpetual youth.

To those who fear to trust youth, I commend the story of Ibsen's drama, "The Lady from the Sea," which emphasises the commonplace fact (which every youth knows, and hardly any man remembers) that Adam and Eve did not worry about the trees of the Garden of Eden that they had full permission to eat of, but took good care to eat of the tree that was forbidden. Youth diverted will become youth perverted, but youth made free, in the freedom of love and wisdom shared with their elders, will let loose a fire of regeneration in the world and burn away much of the dross in literature and the arts, in social organization, in religion, that crabbed agedness has allowed to accumulate in what should have been the Kingdom of Youth.

In literature and the arts the world over we need a new birth. Signs of the need were seen in the West before the War in various exaggerated movements—futurism, cubeism and the like. These were desperate attempts at remedying a desperate disease: they can only be regarded as medicinal, not the natural and healthy upthrust of aspiration or downpouring of pure inspiration, but sideway searchings for escape from the dull curse of

the academic, the derivative, the soulless. I have just received this year's (1917) book of reproductions of pictures and statues exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, and it fills me with wrathful impatience at the same silly cattle, the same stupid mountains, the same inane mists, that have browsed, stood and hung about the art of England as long as I can remember, along with the dull procession of faces that once in a generation, and then by accident, give any hint of something deeper than superficial emotion and the lower mind.

It is only natural that in such circumstances the work of the Bengal school of painting should have received a welcome by the pioneering spirits of art in Europe. Its youth, its love, its spiritual revelation gave glimpses into new worlds of possibility. One of the regrets of my life is that I had left Ireland before Rabindranath Tagore's work reached it, and another is that the new Indian painting has not reached it at all. I should have liked to share the joy of discovery with my old comrades on the quest; for there the genuine literature and art of the East will assuredly find a second home. The Celt, when his spiri-

tual bent is not made cantankerous and bald by a dreary puritanism, as Ruskin's was, will be quick to appreciate the significance of the work now being done in Calcutta. It was Ruskin, the son of a Scotsman, but Anglo-Saxonised and puritanised out of his race tradition, that wrote the opening chapter of "The Two Paths," and in his disastrous references to Indian art, perpetrated perhaps the most tragic joke in the history of art-criticism. It was Wilde, the pure Celt, who in "The Decay of Lying" saw in the method and spirit of Eastern art the possibility of the regeneration of the arts of the West. It was perfectly fitting that Yeats, ever on the look-out for the foot-prints of the Spirit in literature, should be first sponsor in Europe for that superb genius who in "Gitanjali" brought the vitality of immortal youth into English literature with a song and a cheer.

In the social organization of the world, too, the new birth is needed. When the women of Britain were fighting their battle for the elementary rights of citizenship, against authorized cruelty and organized lying that make one of the blackest pages in history, their enemy was not youth, but decrepitude

whose influence was so compelling that it induced even the Irish Nationalist Party—the ostensible champions of liberty—to strike a cowardly blow at the political freedom of women and kill a Suffrage Bill. Of that traitorous act, that Party is now reaping the *karma*, and by its forfeiture of the confidence of its former supporters, is showing to the world once again the ancient truth that violence done to principle strikes back, and that expediency at the expense of principle is the most inexpedient policy. To claim freedom for oneself, and to be blind to the preliminary condition of granting it to others, is one of the infirmities of self-centred agedness. Hungary won political autonomy from Austria, but she refused it to nations within her own boundary, and her fragments are now indistinguishable from the ruins of Austria. The lesson to India at this juncture is plain. The greatest menace to the achievement of self-government is not the machinations of trade exploitation or the arguments and threats of Anglo-Indian journalism, but the presence within the country of a vast outcaste population, and an uneducated and enslaved womanhood; the glaring signals of anachronistic agedness that the youth of India

in the spirit of comradeship and generosity must sweep away as part of the price of India's freedom.

And as of the arts and literature, and of social reform, so of religion may it be said that it has come under the blight of agedness, a blight which is the more obnoxious and hurtful because it has invaded that region which has nothing to do with the passing of years, and only to do with the eternal youth of truth. Let it be understood that the *age* of a religion has nothing to do with its *agedness* in the sense that we have given to that term. Indeed the more ancient enunciations of any religion are always nearest the spirit of youth. A Hindu will quote some mediæval authority in support of the imprisonment and mental starvation of girls approaching the age of puberty ; turning the flowering of young womanhood into a mere phase of reproductive physiology, and narrowing down the glorious possibilities of free and articulate womanhood to a single sex function ; but a step further back, toward the origins of Hinduism would take him to the great principle of equality of opportunity irrespective of sex, which is the only basis on which an Indian nation worthy

of the name can be reared, and which must be reflected in the provision of education for girls and women equal to that for boys. Youth feminine and youth masculine must enter its kingdom, the kingdom of life, on equal terms.

It is the middle age of religious *history* that sets its middle agedness on the religious *function*. In the West, God has been degraded into a very respectable elderly gentleman with a long white beard, whom, in my childhood, I was taught to worship as the Chief Protestant, who would give a hot time to Roman Catholics in the world to come. My emancipation began when I found that Roman Catholics had the same idea of God from their point of view, and that the Plymouth Brethren controlled the only route to Heaven, outside which the billions of mankind went to the transcendental tropics. I began to see that all this claiming of exclusive property in Divinity was but the casting of the human shadow on the spiritual heavens, otherwise expressed by Shelley in the lines:

> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity. . .

and that the chilling catalogue of *thou-shalt-nots* was an inhibition put by tried agedness on

the spirit of youth. Life—and supremely life that has any real touch of the Divine joy—is not a thing of *donts*: it is one big DO! To the religion of *donts* the ideal devotee is the oyster that does nothing. We need in religion in the West, to rouse it from negation, and in the East, to save it from the deadliness of custom and scholasticism, an infusion of the power of youth with its gift of imagination; its genius for discovery, for speculation, forunmaskingshams, for vital contacts. The world has grown tired of the forensic notion of God as of a glorified magistrate: it is perishing for want of the energy of the dancing Shiva, the joy of the Divine Flute-player of Brindavan, the fresh wisdom of the Child Jesus who overcame the doctors of the temple with the conviction of living Truth.

These are large claims, but they are inescapable. The snail's-gallop that we call Evolution is too slow. When God was working at it alone, with His arms deep down in the ooze at the foundations of the world, there was some reason for millenia of time; but now that He has conscious co-operators at the human level, progress must be speeded up. It must begin with education which, in free-

dom, love, sanity, will open wide the gates of the Kingdom of Youth, inviting free and joyous youth to take possession of the Earth, and inviting earth's prematurely aged children to cast away their chains.

The test of growth is not—Is a man or woman getting older? True growth should be like that of Swedenborg's angels who became younger the longer they lived. True spiritual progress consists in the discarding of the accretions of age, and the setting free of the ever-young spirit, which annihilates unhappiness; which, indeed, has no need for the superficial emotion that men call happiness, but which rests in the bliss (*ananda*) that is the reward of all who tread the path of sacrifice to the Eternal Youth of the Divine Spirit.

THE TRIANGLE OF IMAGINATION

There is an old myth story in Ireland which tells of a King who went on a journey, and was brought to a halt by the sight of five rivers that flowed forward and backward at the same time. He was a brave King, and not easily scared by wierd and unusual happenings. So he inquired as to the meaning of the phenomenon, for he knew it was something more important than a matter of fact. A voice from somewhere told him that the five rivers were the five senses by which humanity gives and receives knowledge.

The interpretation is good enough as far as it goes: but the experiences of life lead us to look for something more as part of the process of give-and-take: we look, in fact, for just that power that brought the story and its interpretation into existence—the power of Imagination. Sense by itself is dumb: it is a telephone wire; but we have never yet known a telephone wire that we would put a question to: it is solely a conveyer; its purpose

is unfulfilled unless there is an utterer at one end and a receiver at the other. A series of sense percepts without some associating medium would be as unneighbourly and disconnected in utterance as a series of dots. Even with a remembering faculty, the memory would be only of a series of dots, not even at the level of the little girl's definition of memory as "the thing you forget with."

There is, however, a power within the human mind that moves in a region coincident with, but not bound by, the senses; which, like a spider of the brain, can run through the web of things in all directions, and link up the extremities in a symmetrical relationship with the centre and with one another. We may not be able to say how that power works; but we know that it *does* work: Science has studied it, and has called the invisible process "psycho-physical parallelism."

This power, which acts as the coherer, the interpreter, the maker of conclusions in that area which we recognise as our deeper selves, has many departments of activity and many degrees of efficiency, but I shall refer to it in a general sense as the power of *Imagi-*

nation: the power of *image-making*: the power of making out of the phantasmagoria of life, an image that the inner eye may see and understand; the faculty also of bringing from the inner world some image, built out of all its predecessors, that will bring a step closer the outer world of "reality"—which is not real but transient—and the inner world of the ideal, which is the truly real.

It is this power of Imagination, its lack or its abundance, that distinguishes the types of human beings. However we may departmentalise human distinctions, they come down to the fundamental question of the contents of the "chamber of imagery," and the speed and efficiency of access which the person has to it. In short, the power of Imagination is the link between the individual and the universe. That universe consists of the deeper self of the person, which is never fully engaged in the activity of the passing moment: it consists also of all other beings with whom the person has to deal, and of the great Powers that humanity has always felt to be standing behind and influencing the phenomenal world.

Here we have the three sides of what I shall call the Triangle of Imagination, which

relates the active personality with his or her greater self, with his or her immediate surroundings, and with the hidden world of causes and ultimates. This triangle covers the entire area of life, personal, social and spiritual. I shall indicate the work of Imagination on each side.

We are all well aware of the fact that the sum of things which we refer to as Ourself is very much bigger than the fragment that may be in activity at any particular moment. We stand, as it were, on the threshold of our "local habitation," and when some caller salutes us, we send our Ariel of the Imagination to rummage through the bric-à-brac that we have stored in the wierdest confusion in our house—trivial gewgaws standing flauntingly in prominent places, jewelled treasures flung in dusty and inaccessible corners—and expect him—or is it her ? or both ?—to fetch promptly and sequentially such items as are in keeping with the caller. Sometimes Ariel fails to bring something that we know to be somewhere. Then we say : "My memory is failing ; I remember it well, but I forget ;" and we put the blame on the wrong shoulders ; for the truth is, memory never fails ; it remembers

always: it is Imagination that performs the forgetting process. We have allowed the feet of Ariel to become laggard, and one of the ways of our so doing is the modern bad habit of relying on notes in order to save "memory," when here, if anywhere, the great spiritual paradox is true: "He that saveth his memory shall lose it."

There are, of course, certain departments of life in which some delegation of the work of remembering is necessary. A merchant on a large scale would hardly find it possible to remember all his customers with their requirements and obligations. Personally I should be a warm supporter of a movement to prohibit anyone from entering on more activity than could be carried in the head: thereby would come about a simultaneous simplification and enrichment of life. In my journeyings in Ireland, and between Ireland and England, I have often enjoyed studying the characteristics of my fellow-travellers. I have listened to the conversation of commercial travellers whose memories were in note-books, and I have observed that the average of their thought and expression was poor. Their clients appeared to be inventions for the production

of profits: the things they sold—miracles of natural or scientific production—were "goods;" life itself was a mere shop. I have also listened to the conversation of horse-dealers whose accountancy was all done on their fingers, and I have noticed that their thought was quick, their language vital and picturesque, and that they had a direct and speculative interest in a multitude of things that one would have considered outside their province. To be sure, their outlook was "horsey," but life to them appeared to be alive, and at least it was an adventure.

This is the lowest phase of the process of Imagination in its relationship between the active personality and the sub-active individuality. There in another phase in which the ministrations of Ariel take him through secret passages into deeper regions of our house, and, perhaps, through doors of which we are only dimly aware, into great spaces of sun and air; and what he brings back to the threshold are not simply things remembered: mixed in with them are glimpses and touches that seem to come from a Memory deeper than memory, from a Life within life. For these things the prose of life is a poor expression: they move

naturally into poetry, music, painting, sculpture. Indeed, all effort in art-creation is but the struggle of the artist to realise his true spiritual magnitude by the capturing and fixing of some quality or vision that will last beyond the passing moment, and be a prepetual reminder that "we are greater than we know."

But the impacts and faculties that result in art-creation are beyond the ordinary. With the average of awakened humanity Ariel, with his burdens from the dim hinterland, does not get beyond the threshold. In other words, the most that is ordinarily made out of the inspirations that reach us from the deeper degrees of our nature is some addition to character or some modification. Such changes are imperceptibly effected in the course of the experiences of life; but a point is sometimes reached when the personal consciousness determines to give more prominence and activity to certain desirable qualities that have been touched in higher moments, and this is expeditiously achieved by the persistent and regular use of the Imagination in dwelling upon such desirable qualities, and in projecting the personality into circumstances in which those qualities will be shown; and so they

become in time part of the automatic action of life, and our best use of them will be found in greeting them familiarly and without emphasis, otherwise we may discover that a wall of virtues is hardly less passable to the soul's necessity for growth than a wall of vices.

These considerations apply in theory to the personal unit, but a very thin film separates the person from the community. Activity of any kind—the work of the artist, the practice of life—moves across the threshold and presents itself at the doors of others: then complications ensue. The activities of life represent a constant effort at readjustment between the single will, with its attendant desires that intensify or deflect it, and the other wills with which it comes in contact. The more quickly and efficiently this can be done, the better and happier it will be for every one concerned, and the way to adjustment is through the exercise of what I shall call Social Imagination.

Now the most complete and typical social activity is in the legislative department of a country. However remote it appears from a particular detail, it is still in the background as

the ultimate decisive factor, and here undoubtedly should be found the fullest use for the Social Imagination. Unfortunately, in a world that is mainly governed by self-interest, what *should* be is not always what *is*; and in legislation the world over, the faculty of Imagination has been used almost exclusively for the purpose of anticipating the movements of opposing parties or interests: it runs along the surface of life in a series of crab-like outflanking movements. What is wanted in legislation is not the superficial Imagination which is mere *foresight*, but the deeper Imagination which is *insight:* the ability to realise the aspirations, the needs, the possibilities, the limitations of the various groups within the evolving human family, and to have the courage of Imagination. With such a faculty in operation anticipating the tendencies of progress, not hanging unimaginatively to things that were or are, there would have been no woman's suffrage or labour troubles in the West and no European war, and there would be no political trouble in either the East or the West.

I do not propose that these strictures be reserved for politicians. They apply equally

to those who put the politicians in power, where such power is in being; and where such power is not in being, they apply to all who have an intelligent interest in life, and see it as something more worthy of enlightened beings than a mere struggle for appetitive satisfaction. Within one's own immediate surroundings there is ample scope for the exercise of Social Imagination. I do not mean that we should sit down and work ourselves into brain fever by trying to picture the details of the horrors that are round any corner we choose to turn. Fortunately the very conditions of time and space make so crude an exercise of the Imagination impossible. I once knew a schoolmaster who had a craze for what he called "oiling the wheels," by which he meant all sorts of short-cuts in organisation and administration. The craze might have been all right had its aim been directed beyond the short cuts to the real business of teaching. In his case the oiling process became so absorbing that there was practically no time for the wheels to work, and the end was disaster. Just so an absorption in the process of imagining may shut out the great business of Imagination. If we could

realise imaginatively the total of misery and pain and deprivation within a stone's throw of any spot where human beings are congregated in towns, we should not be stirred to the Imaginative work of regeneration : we should be reduced to unimaginative fragments. To the individual with a living Imagination, a minimum contact with actualities is enough to set in motion the real constructive work of building an ideal that will exclude

> All things uncomely and broken, all things worn
> and old,

and after the ideal will appear the plan and the future unshakable walls of the "City that hath foundations."

And now we come to a deeper and subtler side of our Triangle of Imagination, the side that I have called the Spiritual. I have called it Spiritual because it relates to a region of our nature that is not accessible to the senses or even to the mind, a region that is

> A little past the beating of the heart,
> A little past the finger-tip of faith.

Our Ariel that brings to us the touch that inspires to artistic creation does not move in solitude through the hidden doors.

Somewhere beyond them the millions of Ariels find comradeship, and mix into one great Ariel who touches a *race* to creation, and from the touch come the great Religions that have set in view some element for a perpetual reminder to the race that it, and humanity itself, like its units, is greater than it knows.

A Religion is not an arguable proposition: that is a mistake of unimaginative religionists who have degraded Heaven and Hell to time and space, and lured a host of "rationalist" critics (who mistake a series of "therefores" for a chain of reasoning) and "higher" critics (who get no further than the dizzy height of the Earth's surface) on dreary voyages over verbose oceans to the premeditated destruction of realms that have no existence in the dream-world of laboratory facts, but could be found everlastingly established in their own deeper nature had they the skill to obey the ancient injunction; "*Stand still*, and see the salvation of the Lord." Religion is an Art, and the parent of the Arts, the expression of the collective Imagination of a race, as any one of the Arts may be the expression of an individual Imagination. It is because of this unity of

inspiration in the whole and in its parts that it has passed into an axiom that the artist to whom his Art is not his Religion is no Artist. So, too, the Religion which denies itself the ministrations of the Arts, is no Religion: its ultimate expression may be an arid and peevish Protestantism, without vision and without joy, and its final achievement a European War, but the great urge of Love's creation will pass it by. Creation is the sole test either of Religion or of Art, because Religion and Art are but the symptoms of vital processes—functions of the Divine Artist, and so ever moving beyond the tests and canons of one day to the revolt and fresh generalisations of another: to the Arts, it is the creation of beauty in form that matters; to Religion, the creation of an organ for the attainment of "God-consciousness:" to both, the end is realisation, the one personal and outward, the other super-personal and inward.

So far, then, as creation in Religions is concerned, it is apparent that the Spiritual Imagination, which sees them as diverse expressions of a hidden vital Unity, can see no contradiction in them, but a mutual illumination and reinforcement; a casting hither and

thither of light from a central and hidden luminary, as the rays of the set sun will glorify the west, yet at the same time lighten the east with the prophecy of a new dawn.

This distinction, however, is requisite for the perfect understanding of our Triangle of Imagination, that, while the personal Creative Imagination tends primarily outward to objectivity and diversity, and must perforce adjust itself to its time and place, the Spiritual Imagination tends primarily inward to subjectivity and unity, and demands the adjustment of all else to it. The ethical and moral code of a race, the product of its Social Imagination, will find its sanctions in its religion; it has, indeed, shaped itself to the basic ideas of its Religion, as the social polity of Europe is shaped to the Christian idea of a single life and a fixed eternity, and the human corollary of seeking as much material good as possible in the space between birth and death; but when the self-tainted code usurps the place of Religion, as the Sermon on the Mount has been declared by Christian leaders in the West to be out of date; when the command of the Master Artist: "Thou shalt not kill, is treated, not as an essential principle of the

Art of Religion as well as of the Art of the individual creator, but as an arbitrary injunction to be set aside at the first assault of fear, then we witness the dethronement of the Spiritual Imagination, and the commission of the inartistic Sin.

What has all this to do with education? Everything. There can be no true educational advancement so long as the place of Imagination in life in unrealized, and the furnishing and development of Imagination is neglected.

THE TRINITY OF EDUCATION

It is a curious fact that when one thinks or speaks of education, the focus of one's thought assumes the shape of a human head; and yet we are prepared to recognise, on a challenge, that education can only be truly educative when it completely educates a *complete* being. A highly educated human head might make an interesting specimen for the glass cases of a psychological museum, but, in the world of human affairs to-day, would fare poorly without equally educated organs of motion.

It will be a good day for education when educational authorities and teachers wake up to a recognition of the fact that a school or class register tells only one-third of the truth as to the muster of heads; that behind the purely mental function, which is the present main victim of quasi-educational systems and half-informed vivisectional experiments, there

is another pupil—a thing of feelings, emotions, and touches of

> . . . . the dim wisdoms, old and deep,
> That God gives unto man in sleep ;—

and that below the brain there is another pupil—an arrangement of "struts and levers" —in short, that the single pupil is a trinity of body, mind and soul, *tamas*, *rajas* and *sat*.

Each of these constituent pupils requires education : each has a separate need ; but the need must not be separately supplied ; that is to say, education of either constituent without reference to the others is bound to end in monstrosity, *has*, indeed, ended in monstrosity, particularly in India, where only *rajas* has been permitted to enter the school, and *tamas* and *sat* have been left outside. We have, in fact, carried into education the pernicious practice of pampering the middleman ; and the result—as in the commercial world—has been general starvation through the neglecting of soul and body culture ; for the soul stands in relation to mind and body as the land does to the community : it is the only source of *real* wealth ; and the body stands as a vehicle for the efficient and equitable distribution of food, raised in the fertile fields of the soul,

and garnered, sifted and organised by the mind.

The need of education is balance, the stretching of one hand towards *sat*, and of the other towards *tamas*. We have had too much training for "success in life," with the emphasis on success, and life ignored. What we need is, not training, but culture; not for "life," which is a fiction and a disease of the modern mind, but for *living*, which is the ancient and only worthy occupation of participants of the Divine Vitality, that leads away from the narrow harshness of departmentalised training to the large graciousness of harmonious culture.

There are two kinds of culture, internal and external. Gibbon declared: "Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself." We need both, but we have had to be content with the external, with the mediæval fallacy of interpreting the word education backwards; cramming in, instead of drawing out; with the result that instead of a wide distribution of pure nourishment, human and healthy, we have mainly produced a kind of mental Strasburg pie—*pate de foie gras*—

inhuman and unhealthy. We have acquired sharpness, cunning, acquisitiveness, civilised sublimations of our jungle days and our "ape and tiger" heredity. We have dropped the other-world ideal and other-world patience of the "antiquated" East; we have planked down our education "right here," speeded it up, put "ginger" in it; and we have not had time to laugh, a vast, ironical, guilty and repentant laugh, when we have offered to the world, as the supremest prize of European education, a European War.

The safeguard against such extremity is to be found in culture from within: the free play of the unifying influence of the soul that breaks through the veil of *ahankara*, the illusion of separateness, and establishes harmony and poise through sympathy and identification. We must not make the mistake, however, of segregating the soul for the purpose of its education, or of conceiving its education to be completed and attested in an essay, or in trite answers to platitudinous questions on ethical and moral speculations. Indeed, the ideal—if it can be called an ideal—and method of education, as generally conceived and applied, has nothing to do with the soul, for

the soul is not a thing to be trained, but to be set free; and yet, it is only when the soul comes to school, that education, in its precise literal sense of leading forth, can be said to have begun; that is, when the mind is opened out, so that the soul may shine through its interstices, and reflect itself in action through the physical instrument.

Herein lies the necessity for physical discipline. It has often been remarked that persons of high psychic and mental endowment come frequently upon the disaster of the senses. Dissipation in Byron, laudanum in Francis Thompson, were not signs of essential depravity, but symptoms of incoherence and want of tone in the machine. Tennyson, furrowed and half blind at eighty two, doing exercises with arms and legs on the floor of his room, was putting an unwritten explanatory appendix to the large sanity and purity of his life and work. When Cowper lost faith in God, it was less a matter of theology than of pathology.

Let us not, however, limit our physical education to gymnastics for the individual and games for the community. We must add manual labour, for in this the soul will find its

true office in fulfilling the Divine work, the "Art of Creation," not for sale, but for the diffusion of Beauty through beautiful things whose beauty will be enhanced by their being useful. There is a temptation to make manual training simply a means to the end of earning a livelihood, a laudable purpose, so long as it does not end there; and the possibility of achievement, even in the matter of gain, will not be diminished but increased, if we decide, with Lord Avebury, that the aim of our manual training should be "not merely to make the man a better workman, but to make the workman a better man."

Thus balanced and completed, education will result in the ennoblement of the physical by the influx of the soul, and the soul will carry on its

> priestlike task
> Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,

leading us past the Greek ideal of *mens sana in corpore sano* to the fuller and truer ideal—as we have it in Madanapalle—of a free soul working through a sound mind and a sound body.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SPIRIT IN EDUCATION

When I accepted the invitation of the promoters of the First Malabar Students' Conference to preside over the same, I made it clear that I should do so not as a teacher, but as an educationist who desired to correct the vice of being an instructor with the virtue of keeping fresh within himself the student attitude, and who saw in the whole movement of which that Conference and others in India is an outward and visible sign, a possible bridge across the gulf that generally, at present, separates the giver and receiver of knowledge and instruction. I believe that if that movement among students is to be used to the fullest advantage of the better educational system which is being searched for the world over, all airs of patronage must be abandoned by those teachers who have the wisdom to support the students in their desire for a wider field of expression and service. This is particularly necessary in India, where natural and social circumstances result in an earlier maturity than in the West, and where the

coming events of household responsibility cast their shadows across the life of the student, and indeed in the case of senior students are often coincident with their college life.

I know that the first shock of the idea of a student having any opinion of his or her own, particularly on the matter of studentship, has a tendency to turn a smooth-browed schoolmaster into a porcupine—or whatever animal with spines like cactus serves "east of Suez" as a figure of speech for instinctive opposition. The idea seems to be a presumptuous threat against the dignity of the teacher and the discipline of the school and college. Perhaps it is. I have seen a discipline imposed in harshness across the distance between teacher and student, by a man who was one of the greatest scholars of his age in the West, and I lived through the fragments of his elaborate system of humiliating punishments when it went to pieces. I have seen a dignity that tried to overawe and stifle the student in order to cover weakness, and I have learned —if I may drive out an Irish bull—that he who stands aggressively on his dignity has no dignity to stand on. But there is a

discipline that comes from within through a mutual give-and-take, that recognises human character, that regards the necessary systematisation of school affairs as an adaptable organism, not as a cast-iron organisation ; and there is a dignity compounded of grip of subject, ease of exposition, sympathy with and interest in human limitations and divergences, and, above all, a sense of humour in the most unhumorous circumstances—a dignity which cannot be put in the humiliating position of being stood upon, for it oozes out of every pore of its possessor. Such discipline and dignity can find in the student's movement nothing but the greatest possible assistance in attaining the relationship of happy co-operation which educational reformers everywhere are beginning to recognise as the condition necessary to education.

It is, indeed, a challenging fact that at this date in the world's history, the educational authorities of the world's greatest Empire are advertising, through the Minister of Education, for a better system of instruction for the young. Two thousand years and more ago, Plato devised a scheme for the production of the perfect citizen, master of himself (and

herself), and servant of all others. But the great struggle of the human spirit in Europe against an unbridled social and religious feudalism, and the later abasement of the same spirit to a heartless commercialism, have brought Europe to a point where it realises that its education is chiefly notable for what it has failed to do. It has ignored as a principle in education Wordsworth's "vision splendid" that the child brings from the pre-natal world: it has preserved as theory and rejected in practice the Christian teaching of a Heaven for which life is a preparation: it has treated with contempt, even as an interesting hypothesis which a really scientific educational system would at least experiment with, the eastern teaching of life behind life. Instead of using education as an instrument for setting free the pure human spirit to consume the refuse of life in the fires of the ideal, we westerners have chained the infant Prometheus to the rock of commercial or professional efficiency, failing to see that these things—excellent as they are when rightly directed—are not ends in themselves, but only phases on the way of education; that education is not an invention of wiseacres to lead youth to

the office or the platform, but that all life should lead towards education, towards the fullest expression of the Divine on earth as the necessary preliminary to making life on earth divinely harmonious and happy. Half a century ago Ruskin put his finger on the master-defect in the economic organisation of his time and country—the omission of the Soul. To-day in the light of the hellishly heroic flame of Europe, the same defect is seen in education, and men and women are saying: "If we had had less training in the pugnacious and selfish use of the mechanics of life, and more in the spirit of human kinship and the development of the powers of mutual service, there would have been no war."

There can, in very truth, be no true education until the Soul is recognised as the real pupil. The mind and the body must be trained, but we lose the whole meaning of *education* if we regard them as more than instruments of the real self. You cannot *lead forth* the mind, for it is only the register of the hidden thinker; you cannot *lead forth* the body, for it is only the link between the dweller in the body and the world of material things.

Mind and body have much to *do*, but nothing to *give* save in so far as they are made more capable of use by the true individual behind them. To specialise on brain culture or body culture, without the moral and æsthetic culture of the Soul, is to rubliniment on the crutch of a lame man and leave the leg uncared for. To put the point that I am trying to make, into terms that will be familiar to every Indian ; *manas*, the mind, is, as a wise writer has said, "the slayer of the real". That is to say, if we fix our attention on the purely mental function, we shall develop a sense of separateness and consequently of selfishness ; but *buddhi*, the Soul, unifies and heals ; and until the *buddhic* element holds the supreme place in school and college curricula and method, we shall grope in the darkness among rival educational fads, and miss the sublime simplicity of true education that seeks to prepare the way for the leading forth of the free Soul, which is the real meaning of the word education.

While, however, we insist on a clear idea of education, we must take care that we do not get under the domination of a mere definition. It is well that we emphasise the need for

greater attention to the process of "leading forth"; but we must remember that, in addition to the pull from without, there is a push from within, and if pull and push are not in the same direction there will be confusion. In other words, we must take into account the nature of the student as well as the nature of the world that he or she comes into. Here in education, as in everything else in the world of partial and relative things, we are on the horns of the cosmic dilemma, one horn being the particular, the other the general. We have to recognise the claim of each individual Soul that comes into the world of self-consciousness with its delightfully arrogant assumption that it is the centre of the universe; a perfectly natural assumption that was reflected in the science of the days before Galileo in the dogma that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the whole business of the sun, moon and stars was to give light and heat to humanity. That *geocentric*, earth-centred, notion had to be corrected by the *heliocentric*, sun-centred, hypothesis, which took the proud little earth by the neck and put it in its place as one of a procession of vassals around the throne of Apollo or Surya: in other words, the second

horn of the educational dilemma—the place of the individual as one among many.

The whole work of education is shaped by the necessary adjustment between these claims. It has to correlate subject-matter to the individual as an individual taking up a definite work in life, and also to the individual as a cell in a social organism. But it is probably in the *organisation* of educational work that this problem of adjustment between the particular and the general is most difficult and complex. When the mind is focussed on a particular study, the student becomes absorbed in the impersonal and abstract nature of the study, and is a much more unified being than when moving uneasily among the desires of the flesh and the pleasures of the emotions. But the conditions leading up to the act of study—the hundred and one details arising out of the fact that students have legs and lungs, mouths and digestive organs, and occupy anything but fixed positions in time and space: these are the points of test in practical education, and here particularly a happy co-operation is needed if the porcupine attitude is to be avoided. Sympathy and good humour are wonderful unifiers: grumbling

and separateness in will can only accentuate the points of difference, and reduce greatly the possibility of effective impartation or reception of knowledge.

> Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell.

Yes, but you are entitled to demand that what you are called upon to revere is worthy of reverence. Such an object cannot be symbolised by hard lines about the mouth, or imposition lines in a book, least of all by a cane. On the other hand, such an object of reverence cannot be a mere pose or sentimentality. The renunciation of reason which is involved in physical force is hardly more to be condemned than its renunciation in softness and indulgence. Let it be said, however, that while one cannot "love" too much, one can love unwisely: at the same time the greater ultimate evil rests with force, for it does not cure, but only suppresses symptoms, and drives the disease back into the bloodstream to re-emerge elsewhere with greater strength; whereas ease in discipline, where it comes not merely from indifference but from an exaggerated attitude of love, is certain to win some

measure of confidence in the long run, though the run will be longer than it might be if both preceptor and student recognised that the ideal condition of true education is not the maintenance of unarmed belligerency between the platform and the desk, but of a community of interest worked out in co-operation, a revival of the ancient relationship of *guru* and *chela*.

When I was at school I tasted little of the supposed medicinal properties of corporal punishment. A delicate constitution threw me back from games to my books, and I was regarded as "a good boy." Fortunately I survived both these phases of disease and lived to learn that when teacher and pupil enter upon a conspiracy of responsibility to each other, to their country, and to humanity, the giving and taking of instruction becomes a jolly adventure; not a surgical operation or a gift, but an exchange. My happiest lectures and lessons are those in which some light comes back to me from my auditors, illuminating what I thought I saw clearly before. The day on which, even in the act of teaching, I shall not also be the pupil of my pupils, I shall resign.

But this co-operative relationship needs a connecting link between the functions of giving and taking, otherwise the co-operation may be that of a team of bullocks whose only common purpose is to go in different directions. There must be between teacher and pupil a unifying objective, and it must be in the realm to the impersonal and ideal if it is to escape the separative tendency that comes from attachment to merely personal interests, which are always selfish. Between the personal and a too vague impersonality that is distant and cold, there is an entity that is sufficiently impersonal to avoid the lower selfishness, yet sufficiently personal to give the glow of human kinship and enthusiasm—the great impersonal personality of one's country. In service for her highest spiritual welfare lies the greatest practical ideal of true education. It is only Plato's perfect citizen over again, but in the complicated circumstances of modern education it is necessary to add that if the citizen is to be educated for national service, the education itself must be a national education.

It is hardly necessary to say that, in speaking of National Education, I refer to no sectarian or party meaning of the term. A

nation takes in all within the national organism, including even those elements that go against the spirit of nationality. A nation that was all *pro* and no *con* could not exist for a year on this plane of the universe. One occasionally hears the petulant demand for a strict definition of National Education. My own reply to such a demand is that National Education cannot be put into and kept in a definition. If it could it would not be national; for a nation is not a machine that needs a calculable quantity of a certain kind of fuel at a fixed time: it is a vast consciousness that is seeking to express and realise itself through laws and institutions in the world; and education, to be national, must be inclusive and fluidic, capable of ready adaptation to the growings needs of the National Soul. I heard not long ago an English-born teacher ask solemnly if National Education in India meant to exclude English and Science because English was a foreign language, and science came for outside sources. The questioner was a graduate of one of the greatest *National* universities of England; he had himself studied both foreign languages and science, and neither he nor his *alma mater*

was less English in consequence. National Education cannot exclude: an exclusive spirit in *anti*-national: and the claim for national education in India is for an education that will take in all that is best in the world's thought and activity, and will not interpret *all* as meaning the exclusion of the history and possibilities of the student's own country. There may be a narrower, more conservative view of National Education, but it is not mine. A "nationality" that cannot surmount itself is not worthy of a great nation; and I should ask no less a gift for my own beloved land than the mental and spiritual wealth of the universe. This is, to my thinking the fullest expression of the spirit of co-operation—the declaration of one's own temperamental and racial identity as a nation or individual, coupled with a recognition of the equally valid claim of others to their own identity, and a determination to work with them in a spirit of friendliness, or of friendly rivalry, towards the purification and ennoblement of all human life everywhere. Those who set their faces towards that goal will experience discouragement and opposition; but they may be at peace; the monsoon of evolution is blowing

in their direction, and in due time will break in new life.

But while I have insisted on the necessity for co-operation between the two sides of the educational unit, the teacher and the taught, I cannot refrain from adding plainly that the co-operation does not end in a large generalisation : it must come down to particulars : and it is my duty to point out that any claim which students may make for a greater co-operation between their teachers and themselves will have no *locus standi* in the Court of Commonsense unless they have already promulgated a decree of co-operation *within* themselves, between the several functions that conjointly, but not always co-operatively, make up the individual.

There is in India a school of *Yoga* that practises a threefold *pranayama* as a preliminary to meditation. It first directs its attention to the purification of the physical nature, then of the emotional nature, then of the mental nature: when the harmony of these three functions is attained, then the Soul may find its way into the outer life of the devotee. I see in this system a paraphrase of

the true student life. The aim of the student should be to find himself and herself, to stand lord over those powers of body and brain that are faithful servants when controlled, and the greatest tyrants when yielded to; to be the full *homo* (human being) of Plato's *Republic*, holding in leash the lion of energy and the many-headed beast of appetite. We all owe a duty to Brother Ass, as Saint Francis of Assisi affectionately called his body, not because it is our beast of burden and transport, and should be kept in a state of efficiency, but also because we hold it in trust from God and our ancestors, and in trust for our children. Every desire we yield to that lowers its vitality or slackens its nerve-tension, reacts upon the body of humanity, or, in the phraseology of my own religion, "crucifies Christ afresh." Irregularity in time or in action are sins against the co-operative spirit, for they throw our vehicle out of running and lead to disintegrating remorse and disappointment. In our emotions, too, we must set our faces against lawlessness and exaggeration. The emotions are the immediate springs of action, and if left in a chaotic state will degrade the best thought of which we are capable, and render our body

more open to the assaults of the tempter. But above and beyond these there is that part of our nature to which every word that I have uttered is addressed, our mental power. There supremely lies our duty to assert the co-operative spirit in its fullest significance. Think rightly, and the rest will fall into order in good time, for no matter what temporary injury may be inflicted on the mental nature by false emotion or evil action, persistently right thought will ultimately assert its supremacy. And what does the co-operative spirit in thought imply? Certainly not in putting beyond the circumference of our thought any sex or any class of the human family; and I regard it is one of the main justifications of the students' movement that it definitely includes in its programme work for the education of both Indian womanhood and the submerged classes, for without these all claim to further progress would be a hypocrisy, and self-condemned to failure.

"THE EDUCATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES"

EMERSON in "English Traits" tells of a visit he paid to Wordsworth, during which, in the course of a reference to education in England in those days, now almost a century ago, the English poet said: "Schools do no good. Tuition is not education;" and, adds Emerson, he thinks more of the education of circumstances than of tuition.

The cursary remarks of genius are always worth attention: there is always provocation to thought in the opinion of a great man on any subject, even when, as in the case of Wordsworth's statement, truth and half-truth share about equal honours. The obvious flaw in the above is the setting in opposition of two things as separate entities, when, in fact, one of them—tuition—is part of the other—education. It is as if one said: "Homes do no good. Dining is not friendship." Education is a total process: tuition is a detail of method towards the general process. What

Wordsworth meant to say, if the hustling American had given him time to settle his terminology, was: "Circumstance is superior to tuition as a means to education." Here we have a clear claim on behalf of circumstance, on behalf of the educational value of environment, as contrasted with instruction. Let us examine both sides.

It may be true that, in a general sense, life is the only educator. Codes of conduct do not *e-duce*: they suppress: they are products of the human consciousness at certain stages: they may modify, but cannot control the conduct of the future. Even in the realm of religion there is a wide disparity between precept and practice, as seen in the mediæval savagery of witch-burning in Europe under clerical authority, or the modern blessing by the Church of the organised rapacity known politely as commercial competition. In the educational world, tuition—in the strict sense of the term: Latin, to scrutinise or oversee—is the imposing of a code: it may produce ignorant and vulgar machines, or illiterate experts; but it cannot produce cultured men and women of sensitive taste and wide sym-

pathy. No educational truism needs more emphatic utterance than this in India to-day, when the future of Indian education is threatened by Authority with a more rigorous imposition of a linguistic code—the code of English—that is utterly foreign to India physiologically, temperamentally and spiritually.

On the other hand, environment, or circumstance, has to show better evidence for supremacy over tuition than at first sight appears. Its reputation as a tutor is not enhanced by the fact that it has always existed side by side with humanity, and has not produced much to boast of. Indeed, the appeal of circumstance touches but a small area of consciousness, and that not by any means the most worthy—the appetitive, the emotional, the lower mental. When we wish to touch the deeper things of life we withdraw from the noise and allurement of circumstance. It is just as external as tuition; just as much a code, though unwritten; just as much an imposition, though its birch is invisible. Circumstance alone may certainly educate: that is, it may *lead forth*—a chaos; but tuition alone will only put shackles on the mental

limbs. There is this further to be said in favour of circumstance: its product will be authentic, original; but the product of mere tuition can be only derivative.

Now it is quite obvious that both of these elements must enter into the process of education: we cannot escape the schoolmaster, and we cannot escape our surroundings. Fortunately this does not mean the simple addition of two evils, but a modification of each by the other; and the business of the educationist is to make a true adjustment between them.

We shall do this the sooner if we clear our minds as to the aim of education. In the highest sense, the aim of education is the attainment of union between the human and the Divine. This can be translated into the terms of any religion, or of no religion, and expresses the harmonisation of the individual to its highest qualities. The practical work of the school and college is to set the individual on the way towards the ideal by freeing it through *knowledge* and *culture* from the domination of its lower qualities.

The knowledge here referred to is not the knowledge of a shelf of knick-knacks, or a

lumber-room: it is knowledge widely acquired, and capable of adjustment to new demands through the process of digestion and synthesis. It is this digestive and synthetic process that gives circumstance any value as an educative agent, and the exercise of the process can be guided and developed by wise tuition. Was it not Wordsworth himself who spoke of an individual in these words:

> A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more?

The something more, which makes all the difference between a mere weed and a thing of exquisite beauty, is in the mind of the observer: it is the synthetic power of imagination. To the untutored mind the primrose may be a nuisance in the field: to the educated mind it will appear as a star in the firmament of earth calling us to the Divine as clearly as the stars in the heavens.

Here tuition can help circumstance. In the early stages of life, before the faculty of abstract thought is developed, human interest is naturally turned outwards; but a process

of linking up, guided by the wise tutor, can aid the subjective development. The interest of a child can be expanded from an object in the hand through gradual stages to facts beyond the test of the senses; just as the local weather can be linked up with surface features, vegetation, the planetary motions, and the lives of humanity in distant places.

We need a greater recourse to environment than our present education provides. We need in addition a humanising and naturalising of tuition, in order that the consciousness of the student and the world without may be brought into a true relationship. For this reason I have in articles in the press laid emphasis on the necessity for the proper teaching of Geography. The more I enquire into the living facts of education the more I am convinced that progress is impossible until the curriculum is given a geo-centric motion. We must begin with things seen and felt, and from them expand through observation and synthesis to the discovery of law and the larger world. In a shower of rain is involved everything from the stoppage of school sports to the influence of nature on the vast human

unity; to questions of social organisation, economic relationship, history, and literature.

Shall we omit religion? By no means; rather shall we make it the inspiration of education; for have we not started with the definition of the aim of education as the union of human and Divine? But this we shall not do: we shall not make education a mere accessory to sectarian propaganda, for then it would cease to be education.

Politics? Yes, we must have political education. Let us be clear, however, as to our meaning. Political *education* can never be an education in party politics of any colour, for that would not be education, but the imposition of a political code. Political education must take from contemporary political life the lessons that will educate the students to pass into public life, not as apprentices to a creed, but as sane and brave men and women with sane and brave ideas of public morality, with exalted ideals of their country's destiny, and with the knowledge and courtesy that will convince by reason and truth, and not merely give offence by vulgarity and the bludgeon.

Here is, in miniature, the ideal curriculum: the conscious human unit as subject: as method, the adjustment by wise tuition of the conscious unit to its immediate surroundings: to its own country's geography, history, literature, to humanity; all the while the process of synthesis rearing so to say an elevation towards a greater apprehension of the Divine in all things. Synthesis is the note of the soul; and when the soul comes to school real education will begin.

EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATIONS

When I was a boy at school, I read every day on the front cover of my handwriting copy-book the saying: "A nation's greatness depends upon the education of its people." By and by, I learned in the school of experience that, between the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge, and a certain rudimentary ability to use figures, which constitute the bulk of "education" in my own country, and *education* in its truest sense, there is a great gulf fixed: but I learned also that it is only by the simple rudiments of reading, writing and calculating, that the beginnings of the bridge across the gulf can be made.

These beginnings are only—beginnings. In my country they are generally regarded as endings; ways and means towards the keeping of accounts in a stuffy office, and fitting oneself to be an accurate machine in the unbrotherly business of besting one's neighbour, such business leading to the amassing of

wealth which is the sign and the reward of greatness.

Today, as I celebrate the new year, (not on the first of January in darkness and cold and several layers of clothing and unhygienic bodily warmth, but on January 24 with the thermometer at ninety in the shade, and country-folk in almost a state of nature knocking the young mangoes off the trees beside my bungalow without a "by-your-leave"), I begin to realise a curious reversal not only in physical surroundings but in educational maxims. The words of my motto become displaced, like a picture puzzle, and when they settle themselves again I read: "A nation's education depends upon the greatness of its people", and I begin to wonder if the Chestertonian method in prose, like the Swinburnian method in poetry, has an infective tendency, or whether, after all, a truth is only half a truth if it cannot feel as comfortable on its head as on its feet.

Anyhow, I am satisfied that the inverted form of the copy book motto of my childhood in the flogging-place of the suburbs of a big manufacturing and commercial city of Ireland.

is truer than its original, for whatever may be the differences of ideal with regard to national greatness, and the kind of education that is to bring that greatness about, there can be no doubt, so far as I can see, that the quality of the education that is given to a people will depend upon that people's greatness in regard, first, to the nature of the demand that is made, and second, to the nature of the support that is given to the demand by those who possess the means of supply.

I believe that on both sides of the greatness requisite for the promotion of great education, India is not lacking. I have had a little Indian girl come to me with great glee to show me how she could draw a water-pot with a pencil, and write its name in her vernacular below it. She had found a gap in the circumference of her grave little mind, and was pushing through it on the great adventure of the soul : and today I have sat in the broil of a Deccan afternoon, with the sparrows and the sun playing hide-and-seek through the thatched roof of a mud hut in which, night after night for months past, the

little boys and girls of a rock-founded village gather for lessons in the rudiments of education; and my heart is moved to the stress of eager little brains pushing against the bars of ignorance, and revelling in the new joy of sprouting wings of knowledge and faculty. Whatever corruption of selfishness may have come into the education of the middle-classes of India, it is clear that in the villages the demand for education is at its most primitive and therefore its purest stage—the demand of the soul for facilities whereby to express and contemplate itself.

The supply too, at Madanapalle, of which I speak, is at the same level. Every evening about sunset you may see a group of young men walking briskly along the road to the West. They are taking a couple of hours out of the end of a day of labour in order to share the joy of education with their younger kindred, and their joy is in their step and their eyes, and will make the work of teaching and of learning a new thing beside the drudgery of wagery and the inhumane spur of examinations that do not examine.

To-day was an off day for "instruction," but a red letter day for *education*. When the

visitors entered, the children rose with cheerful *namaskarams*, innocent of all fear or sycophancy or anything but pleasure. A little religious ceremony was followed by the reading in the vernacular of the astronomical forecast for the new year, and a distribution of fruit in which the elders of the village shared. Across the road through the little window you could see the stone foundation set on a piece of naked rock on which the brick walls of a new school are rising to serve the expanding band of scholars both as to accommodation and some hints of beauty.

The originator of the school is a youth in his seventeenth year, a young servant of the ideal who has been enabled to find the necessary money to build the school. He has the nose of a fighter, but the calm eyes reduce the pugilistic element to a perpetual demand for the uplift of humanity; and the strong chin will see the matter through, though beams for the roof refuse to grow within a hundred miles of the place,and tiles have to come a day's journey by bullock-cart, and workmen—contemptuous of the merely mechanical aid of plumbline and

square—introduce angles in ostensibly perpendicular walls, and reckon their middle point to be a walking-stick's length nearer one end than the other. But these things are only spurs to the spirit that cries "Blessed be hindrances: they are our greatest helps." The message has gone out: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and they who hear that message do not stop for trifles.

This evening I had the privilege of joining in another new year treat some stages nearer the beginnings of village education. In this particular village the element of distrust has not yet enabled the students from the neighbouring College, who are promoting this second school in another village, to procure a piece of land for their temple of learning. The roof of their new meeting-place was composed of the wide-spreading branches of a banyan tree, the platform being a raised stone bench around the roof where, years ago, the villagers had set up a simple image of Divinity and worshipped God through a particle of His creation. In a space in front of the remnant of the image the little scholars sat on the

ground, their smiling faces, white teeth and alert eyes lit by a kerosine lamp on the top of a granite pillar.

Order and discipline of an extended nature were obviously new to the pupils, but they willingly obeyed for the moment the requests of their teacher, an earnest young man with a rent in his white *curta* through which a brown shoulder showed like polished mahogany, but with no rents in his ideals of service and his determination. It was a holy place, holy in the nearness of Divinity and the budding soul ; and holy in nearness to nature's children, for big bats made a wind in my hair as the fared back and forth in the swift service of their squeaking young in the crevices of the banyan's trunk.

Is it any wonder that those of us who have had the sanctifying joy of touching these things are thrilled with their inspiration and vision ? Is there any wonder in my translating the wriggling of a poisonous snake away from the light of my hand-lamp as I came along the village street, into a myth of the flight of crawling servility and tortuous ignorance away from the radiance of illuminated minds ? And

is it any wonder that our greatest wonder is that Indian princes and professional men and merchants do not crowd on each others' heels with gifts and endowments for the devoted servants of Devi Saraswati here and elsewhere who claim nothing for themselves, and everything for the holy work of fanning the divine spark in the minds of India's future citizens into a flame of purification ? Here are the educational foundations: on these only can a worthy superstructure be reared.

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